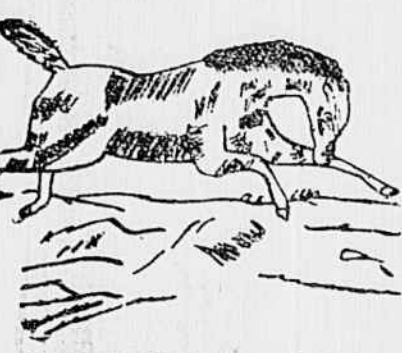




Drawn by Annie Goddin.



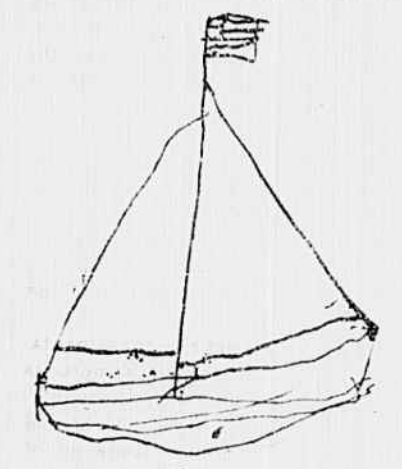
Drawn by F. D. Blackwell.



Drawn by Fred Guzenheimer.



Drawn by Maxine Westphal.



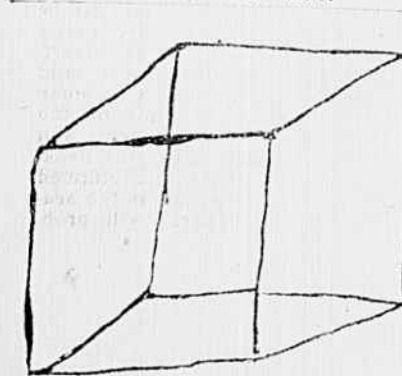
Drawn by John William Heintzman.



Drawn by William Neale.



Drawn by Nick Cooke.



Drawn by Mary Louise Wilkinson.



Drawn by Irene Robertson.

Prizes Members.
Dearest Editor,—I've just finished reading the T-D. I was glad to see my picture and letter both in the paper last Sunday. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

A New Member.
Dear Editor,—I certainly was glad to see my picture and letter both in the paper last Sunday. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

So Glad You Liked It.
My Dear Editor,—At last! And oh, how proud and happy I am to see my picture and letter both in the paper last Sunday. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Wish We Could Help You.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Attended the Fair.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Write on One Side of Paper Only.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Thanks Page Improving.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Enjoys Page.
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DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Draw Only in Ink.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Your Editor Sent.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

She Sent Me One, Too.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Yes, Indeed.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

Write Only on One Side of Sheet.
Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see your letter in the Sunday's issue. I hope to get my picture in next week's issue. I was sorry to hear of Ruth Sammons' brother's death. I must close now. Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY BINGHAM.

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DOROTHY BINGHAM.



Drawn by Susie Varro.

Editorial and Literary Department

FINE CONTRIBUTIONS ABOUT FAIR.

My Dear Girls and Boys,—I want to thank the members who sent in such nice contributions about the State Fair for our issue of course I know that many of you did not go, and that is why I think it is lovely of those who did to tell us about it. Be sure and read the story about "Autumn," which Philby Gary has sent in today. It just makes me want to go right into those woods that she is talking about and maybe be a chestnut or a squirrel for a little while, at any rate. I love for you to write me just things that you see around you, or pleasures you have—see you see it makes our club such a nice, cozy, personal one.

And Helen and Edward Simons brought me an awful of beautiful red leaves out of their woods this week. They quite covered the top of the desk, where all of your pictures and stories live, until they are printed, and made such a bright spot in the whole office. I know you are working hard at school, but try and send in some nice illustrations pictures and stories for next Sunday.

YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Janet Milvan, of Shippsville, Va.
Donald Blackwell, no address given.
Annie Goddin, of 908 North Fifty-fifth Street, City.

GLAD'S NAME.

"Mamma, where are you?" called nine-year-old Gladys Lowell as she flew in the front door with her doll in her arms.

"I'm in my room, dear. What do you want?"

"Oh, mamma! Mrs. Burns, the rich lady up the hill, wants me to come and spend the day with her little girl, Alice," shouted Gladys, all out of breath, as she bounced into her mother's room. "Please mamma, can't you let me go?"

"Why, of course not, dear. Don't you see how black the sky is? How could you get home to-night if it should rain?"

"Oh, mamma, please let me go!" begged Gladys, ignoring her mother's last question. "Mrs. Burns is out in the buggy now!"

"Why, Glad dear, why didn't you ask her to come in?"

"I did, mamma, but she—oh, mamma, please let me go!" begged Gladys, ignoring her mother's last question. "Mrs. Burns is out in the buggy now!"

"No, Glad, you can't go. Now run along and tell Mrs. Burns that you can come the very next bright day, she can have you."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! There's no telling when there'll be any more bright days! I think you might let me go—oh, dear! broken-hearted Gladys, as she cried slowly down the stairs and out into the road."

"All right, dearie, I'll call some other time, and I'm sure you can go," answered Mrs. Burns, as she turned around towards home.

Gladys was a pitiful sight as she stood there looking longingly after Mrs. Burns, with her only doll, Annabell, in her arms.

A half an hour after Mrs. Burns had been gone, Mrs. Lowell came across her little room looking dreamily out of the window. Her elbows were on the window sill, and her head was resting between her hands. She seemed to be thinking.

"Glad dear," the words Glad dear seemed to bring her back to earth. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering," she said, still looking out of the window. "Why you named me Gladys, and why you said I was Glad. Won't you tell me, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I will. Come and sit in my lap."

And the story began. "Oh, when you were a little bit of a baby, very little, only one year old, your father died. Here Mrs. Lowell stopped to check the tears, as she always did, when she spoke of her husband. "I had nothing in this world to make me happy except you, Glad dear, and I was afraid if I hadn't been for you I would have died, too."

"Well, when the day came for christening you, I thought of every christening name I ever heard of, but I had only been a boy, I used to say to myself, I could have named you after your father."

"But suddenly I thought of how glad I ought to be that I had you, even though you were a girl, and I immediately decided to name you Gladys. And ever since then I have been glad that you were a girl, and that blessed name that has helped me through many a firestorm task."

"Now, do you understand, sweet heart?"

"Yes, mamma," yawned Glad, who was falling asleep. "I'm so glad that I can go up to Mrs. Burns' soon!"

(The end.)

DOROTHY BINGHAM.

A PICNIC.

"Go long way yet! I ain't got no time to be cutting up wild yet!" cried old Mammy.

"Well, just wait one minute, Mammy," cried Beatrice. "You know Rose is coming to-day, and I want to know if you'll let Rose, Betty, and Jack and myself have a picnic."

"Well, I reckon I'll have to let you, but don't you go around bothering me!" cried old Mammy.

So Rose and Beatrice, who were the same age, and Jack and Betty, who were twins, and Beatrice's younger brother and sister went to the woods, and as soon as they got there Jack wanted to eat.

"Well, it isn't time yet, Jack!" said Rose.

"Well, I'm hungry, though," said Jack.

"Well, you'll have to wait now, Jack," said Beatrice.

So the little girls went romping on until dinner. They went to their baskets. One lunch was gone, while near by sat Jack with a tell-tale face.

"You're the meanest thing!" stormed Beatrice. "We'll have to go home now!"

So the picnic ended.

Original.

JANET L. MILVAN.

THE LEGEND OF THE MAUS TOWER.

"The Children's Hour" is a poem written by Henry W. Longfellow. In this poem he mentions the Maus Tower on the Rhine. Should you like to hear the story that was told of this tower?

Bishop Hatto was a very rich man. Once when all of his granaries were filled with corn, and the people that lived near him had nothing to eat, he told them to come into his barn and he would give them enough corn to last them through the winter. Men, women and children came with their bags ready to be filled with corn. As soon as the barn was filled with people Bishop Hatto locked the door. While the people were crying for mercy he could hear the rats out. They did not stop to eat the corn. They did not stop to eat the corn. They did not stop to eat the corn.

The next day one of his servants came and told him that the night before some rats went in his barns and ate all of his corn. Not long after that another servant came and told him that the rats were eating his corn. He was burning he said: "The people thank me for getting rid of so many rats that eat nothing but corn."

After this he went home, ate his supper and went to bed. The next day one of his servants came and told him that the night before some rats went in his barns and ate all of his corn. Not long after that another servant came and told him that the rats were eating his corn. He was burning he said: "The people thank me for getting rid of so many rats that eat nothing but corn."

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VIRGINIA STATE FAIR.

The schools had holiday Wednesday, the "Great Richmond Day" at the State Fair.

Seventy-five thousand people filled the grounds.

Art Smith, the almanac, in his loop-the-loop performance did many wonderful things in the air.

There was an industrial building in which different companies advertising their wares, samples of their work, stands in which you buy a ticket, they turn a wheel, it stops at a certain number, if you hold this number you win a doll, statue, teddy bear or any thing you would like to have. There were other stands at which you cover a red spot with five pieces of tin. I tried several times but won nothing.

When you fish there is a pool with wooden fish, as many fish as you catch you get something. I caught a fish, rescuing a baby from a burning house, little people and other things.

You can buy luck if you choose. MABEL BRADLEY.

LETTERS FROM ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER.

No. 1 (Continued).

"Heavens, Win," I cried, "what on earth are you doing out there?"

"Oh, Win, what are you doing out there?" I cried, "what on earth are you doing out there?"

"Oh, Win, what are you doing out there?" I cried, "what on earth are you doing out there?"

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"Oh, Win, what are you doing out there?" I cried, "what on earth are you doing out there?"

"Oh, Win, what are you doing out there?" I cried, "what on earth are you doing out there?"

Puzzle Department

JUMBLED NAMES.

1. Neip papel.
2. Pearer lftu.
3. Region.
4. Nlmco.
5. Ipaac.
6. Ipaac.

Composed by MAMIE JACKSON.

WHAT STATE IS THIS.



Composed by RUDOLPH VON ERICHSEN.

JUMBLED NAME OF GIRLS.

1. Tharna.
2. Mossob.
3. Koolhnb.
4. Miley.
5. Iaceler.
6. Aivringt.
7. Nala.

Composed by MARTHA GREER.

A CHAERADE.

My first is in rat, also in cat.
My second is in bee, but not in she.
My third is in on, also in corn.
My fourth is in long, also in song.
My fifth is in look, also in took.
My whole is something I like.
VIRGINIA JONES.

JUMBLED NAMES OF BOYS.

1. Lurba.
2. Solt.
3. Drona.
4. Egor.
5. Hjo.
6. Dorch.
7. Ddnaro.
8. Nvndao.
9. Shdnac.
10. Rkninuf.
11. Larys.
12. Heredrd.

Composed by DONALD BLACKWELL.

THE BAKER-BOYS OF ANDERNACH.

There is a city in Germany by the name of Andernach. The people that lived in this city were very fond of sleeping late. This city and another city named Linz were at war. The people of Linz knew that the people of Andernach were accustomed to sleeping late, and they thought they would take them by surprise. They arose very early in the morning and marched quietly to the walled city of Andernach. Their plans were carried out all right until they were at the walls of the city. Every one in Andernach was asleep except two baker-boys. They had just got up in the morning and were getting ready for the people of Andernach. They had to be "early birds."

One morning about the time they had finished baking bread they had their eyes on the gate that the gate-keeper had upon the walls of the city. They had finished baking their bread and decided to get them some honey. They quietly stole up the stairs to the top of the wall. They were getting ready to get the honey. One of them said to the other, listen! They listened and they decided that it could not be the gate-keeper, for it came from the other direction. They crept to the edge of the wall and looked over, and there they saw an army of the people of Linz. They knew the danger and could not think of what to do to save the city.

They decided to throw one of the beehives over into the band. This they did with great success. The bees stung the people bravely and drove them back.

The boys had awakened the people by this time, but their help was not needed, for the bees had so well defended the city that there was no need of armed resistance.

If you go to Andernach to-day you will have the pleasure of seeing the statue of the two little baker-boys of Andernach. JULIAN OVERBY.

THE CIRCUS.

Monday, October 4, I took my little sister to see the circus. The circus was a long time coming. There was a big crowd. We saw about five big wagons. Then we saw some Chinese boys and three cowboys, and one cowboy, girl, and two Indians. Then came the animals. They were the tiger, the elephant, lion, camel. We saw a pretty lady sitting in a chair with two big black and white snakes. There were two bands of music, one was a white band and the other was a colored band. We heard the steam piano and the organ. We saw pretty white horses, too.

(A True Story.)

Composed by ESTELLE BOSHER.

MY VISIT TO FAIR.

I went to the fair and had a very fine time. I went to a side show, and I went in the main building, and I stayed to see the fireworks that night.

CLINTON JONES.

THE CHESTNUT.

I. The fall is coming faster
And all the leaves are brown;
The father tree is saying,
"Get on, you